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Vol. II | DECEMBER 14, 1897 | No. X

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Published at Columbia University, New York City, every third Tuesday during the College Year, twelve numbers in all. Subscription Price, One Dollar. Single Copies, Ten Cents. Entered at the New York Post-office as second-class mail matter.

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## Aquilo

Reigns there a king as strong as I
  Who can withstand my awful might?
Mere petty tyrants' minions fly
  Before the terror of their sight;
But all men, at my slightest breath,
Shiver as at the hand of death!

Fly from my path, all ye who may!
  My winged steeds run swift as light;
And they who stand across my way
  Will rue the day they felt my might.
My heart is cold, no mercy knows,
And owns no friends and spares no foes!

Bow down before me, haughty pine!
  Begone, thou with'ring, cringing flower!
I would have all the world for mine
  And not a soul to mock my power.
Shiver, ye puppet sons of men!
And tremble, lest I come again!

*John Erskine*

# On Moloch's Altar

SINCE first he looked upon me he hated me with a grievous hatred. I was the eldest of the Druids and for three score and ten years did I dwell among the simple and kindly folks of Caernahurd; and because my rule over them was mild and loving, they deemed me as their father and their shepherd. Long had I barred from our midst the cruel rite of human sacrifice, so that my flock abode in peace, the while elsewhere throughout the length and breadth of the land the cries of multitudes of dying wretches arose to heaven from the altars of the gods.

Then did it come to pass that the meeting of the heads of our brotherhood made him chief over us, whereat I was exceeding sad and much cast down in spirit, and I thought of my poor flock, what heavy trouble was in store for them. For in truth the name of him had gone forth as a harsh man and a cruel, as one that joyed in the shedding of blood, aye, in the shrieks of burning men and women. They whispered amongst themselves awful tales of his past life; some, forsooth, dared to say how that long ago ere he joined our holy brotherhood, with his own hand he slew his wife in an outbreaking of rage and jealousy, and gave over his only child, a suckling babe, as a prey to the wild wolf of the weald. This evil deed, said they, made him to be more fierce and cruel than his wont. But I, indeed, seeing that I was weighed down with care and fears, paid little heed to these idle tales.

Scarce had he come amongst us ere I sought him in his chamber to put into his hands the holy tokens of my office, that he now took on. With me came my Caervaern and bore aloft in his hands the sacred staff and mistletoe. Coldly and sternly did he welcome us, and I thought within me that his

looks did not belie his evil fame. Albeit, I was in great fear and trembling. I yet took heart and spake out boldly that which my soul moved me to tell. I besought him that he might use his power mildly, that, chief of all, he might not allow the outpouring of blood. Even as I spake he glared upon me with his eyes that blazed with fanatic fire, like those of a wolf at midnight in the forest. "Shame upon thee," he cried, "thou false and forsworn priest, wouldst thou have the gods go hungry for want of offerings? Shall Bel call for food in vain? Nay, by the holy staff and egg, too long a time have they abided in patience, whilst that thou, forgetful of thy duty, didst leave the altars unfurnished and empty." Then lifted he his flaming eyes to heaven and cried, "Soon, aye, soon, oh ye living gods, shall your hunger be stilled, soon shall ye have your fill of sacrifices, if only that I have power here to act!" Then turned he to me and said in a voice that allowed no withstanding, "Get thee hence, make known to all that on the third day from this there shall be a human victim slain as a solemn offering to the gods, on the altar of Bel," whereat I bowed and could but obey, seeing that I was weak and old and timid, and he in the fullness of his might and power. Wherefore I was about to leave the chamber when in a loud voice he bade me stay. "Who is this lad?" he asked, and pointed to my Caervaern, that had stood silent all the while. "An orphan boy, oh chief," I answered, "that with my own I have brought up and trained, and taught him of the love of the Druids. Dear to me is the lad, the only joy that my old heart knoweth, since his first year hath he been with me here a loving child, and an eager learner of our holy mysteries." And as I spake, I gazed fondly at the youth, who answered me with a look of love and trust. Darkly the arch Druid lowered on him for some time with knitted brow, then said, "Take heed lest thou fill his head with those

false teachings of thine concerning mercy and meekness, and so bring to naught another of Bel's priests. Ye may go."

The tidings of the coming sacrifice spread exceeding grief amongst our brethren and cast great fear into the hearts of the simple folk. For a score of years had no victim been slain on the altar, and men had well nigh forgot the cruel rite. Yea, a score of years had they been free of that awful horror, to see their most beloved fall under the knife or writhe in the fell flames. But now came on again the old fear. They looked one at the other with terror in the eyes and wondered upon whom would fall the deadly lot.

At length, spurred on by all the priests, I took it on me again to seek our chief and to beseech him that he might forego the offering, or failing this, that he might put it off till that the gods should send us some hated foe, or some guilty wretch, for whom death might be but as a payment of his crime. I came into the chamber of the chief, Caervaern with me as was his wont. Cold as erstwhile was the Druid's bearing unto me. But I began my prayer in earnest tones, begged him, aye, entreated him to grant us this boon, but all for naught. "The gods must have their own," he made answer, "and the offering shall be made. Be thine the task to furnish us a victim for the sacrifice." Then was my patience at an end, and righteous anger took hold of me. "Not the gods, cruel priest," cried I, "but thy own wild heart craves this bloody offering. Deemest thou the gods thirst for the blood of their children? Not to them are pleasing the bleeding victim's moan, but, forsooth, to thy endless cruelty. Take heed, I tell thee, lest with thy own life thou dost not atone for thy slaughtered victims." But as I spake his face was pale with anger, his eyes were gleaming, his voice was thick with rage. "Recreant priest!" he cried, "darest thou thus defy the heavenly gods in my person,

their servant? Swift punishment shall betide thee for thy insolence. I tell thee the offering shall be made spite of all false priests, and ——" Nor did he end, but lifted up his staff and struck me on the cheek. Albeit, the pain was grievous, I flinched not, but looked him calmly in the eye and said, low: "Coward, that thou art, to strike an old man whose hair hath grown gray in the service of the gods," and I turned to go. The shameful name stung him like a serpent's bite. With uplifted staff he sprang at me, but Caervaern leaped between and wrenched the staff from his hands, and with one mighty blow, felled him to the ground. "Woe is me," I cried, wringing my hands, "what hast thou done, rash boy. Knowest thou not what fearful punishment awaits him that dares lay hands on the person of the Druid?" "I deem it naught," he answered, "I have but done my duty." Even as he spake, there ran into the chamber the temple guards called hither by the loud outcry of the chief. "Bind this youth," he shrieked, "and lead ye him to the consecrated cell. The gods have sent us a victim." Then turned he to me. "Seest thou, priest, the offering shall be made. Away with this old fool, too, take him to a cell and leave him there till the morrow's work be wrought." Fear seized on me as I hearkened to this fearful behest. I cast myself at his feet and wept bitterly, and begged him, for pity, to slay me but spare the bright youth. All to no avail. They dragged us both to far off cells and left us there.

Long time I sat there sunk in grief, and when I thought of my loved boy, and of his awful lot, my tears poured forth in spite of me till that sleep came on to soothe my aching heart. When I awoke the dawn was stealing in at the narrow window. Even the day of the sacrifice. With the first beam of the sun I knew full well the deed would be wrought. Ah, me, the grievous pain of that dread hour. Even as the

light of dawn waxed brighter, the gloom of despair fell deeper in my soul. In my mind I saw the holy ring of stones, the high altar, the white-robed priest, the arch Druid towering above all with the uplifted steel that was fain to bury itself in the fair quivering bosom of the innocent victim. I saw the downward flash of the knife. Oh, ye gods, ye gods, the awful shriek that broke upon my hearing of that poor lad in his agony, and the groan of the hushed multitude, even now, even now the sound ringeth in my ears.

They came and told me I was free. I arose and left my cell and dragged me to the altar where still remained some few stains of blood. I kissed the cold stone and, weak old man that I was, I vowed that I would revenge the murder of the child. That night I glided softly to the chamber of the priest, and it was with me as if the ghost of the slaughtered lad strode on before and beckoned me on to the deed of vengeance. Softly I passed the sleeping guards and stood beside the priest's couch. There might I have slain him in his helplessness, but that would not be revenge. I stretched forth my hand and shook him stoutly. He awoke and saw me over him with gleaming knife in hand, but his heart forsook him not. "Dog," he said, "wouldst thou slay me in cold blood, thy chief?" "Even as you slew my boy," I fiercely answered. "Thy boy, didst not say he was none of thine?" "Loved I not him as my own," I cried, "was not I both father and mother to him since that I found him, a weeping babe, beneath a bush in the forest?" Deeming not the naked steel in my hand, he started up. "What is this thou sayest? Found? In the forest? When? Where? Speak, man, for love of the gods, speak." I looked at him some time in dumb wonder. It was as if he were gone mad. His face was working as if with pain. I could hear his heart beat like the blacksmith's hammer. At length I answered, "In the great weald, six-

teen years gone by, I wandered thither in quest of herbs, and heard, all at once, the wailing of a child. I looked about me and spied a year old boy that was wrapped in a fox skin. I bore him to the temple, caused him to be nursed and tended. I watched over him even as a miser over his hoard. My lonely heart joyed in him. He grew up a comely youth and a promising, and yesterday——yesterday——" and I raised my hand to smite.

"Strike, priest," he cried, "bury thy knife in this guilty heart. The gods have dealt fearfully with me for my sins. How, priest, why holdest thou back?" as I shrunk back in horror, "am I so forlorn that even death shuns me?" His ravings grew wilder the more I stood silent near him. "Turn from me thy sad eyes my son, my son, how could I know thou wert my own? But stay, I shall follow thee, stay, I come." Then leaped he up from his bed, fiercely motioned back the servants that had rushed in at his outcries, and with one blow buried the blade in his heart.

* * * * * * *

Men tell me of a new faith that of late hath come into Britain; a faith that preacheth mercy and charity; that promiseth a future life where sorrow and pain are not; where the parted on earth shall meet again. Shall I ever see thee again, Caervaern, my darling lad? Ah, the thought filleth my aged heart with a joy beyond understanding, and I tremble, and hope, and wait.

*S. S.*

## Song of the Lotos Eaters

Oh rest with us upon the shore!
For night's dark legion hither flies;
In sleep forget thy labors past,
And dream of lovely Paradise.

Oh rest with us upon the shore!
And sweetly sad shall be our song.
The flute and lyre's subtle sighs
Shall soothe the care-worn sailor's wrong.

Oh weary wanderers spent with toil,
Why farther should you roam alone?
Within these arms find shelter sweet,
Rest for a while—the day is done.

*H. M. B.*

# Comments

"WHATEVER is worth doing at all is worth doing well." Threadbare and commonplace though this old saw may be, it still contains a truth that the faculty seem not wholly to appreciate ; else how could they have imposed on the Junior Class so absurb and farcical a course as that styled Philosophy A in the curriculum? This course, which is given only in the first term, and then for three hours a week, is actually intended to include both logic and psychology. The instructor has allotted eighteen hours for the one subject and twenty-four for the other. To be sure, it is true that the faculty has here kept admirably to the old classical rule of dramatic unity of time, which required that the action be kept within the limits of twenty-four hours. Still, as this is unfortunately not a question of art, we fail to see what bearing such nice conformity has on Philosophy A.

I know that the instructor does not expect to cover the whole of either of these subjects ; for does he not omit two chapters out of three on the average, in the elementary text-books that are used? But does he think that one can in a time so limited gain even a fairly satisfactory knowledge of psychology or logic? The first lecture of the year was devoted to a disquisition on the benefits of psychology to "all sorts and conditions of men." Does he think that twenty-four hours' worth of that branch of knowledge is going to be of the slightest aid to the clergyman, to the doctor, and to the lawyer? The subject is interesting, the field is wide and the interest of the students is great ; but the subject is dismissed with a brevity that is an insult to their intelligence and a real injury to their course of study ; since such mere dabbling is an absolute waste of time.

In the case of the logic, matters are slightly different, but no less open to criticism. The instructor is said to have announced that, since the course was too brief to afford more than a brief survey of the subject, too slight to be in itself sufficient, a supplementary elective would be offered in the second term to complete the work. In other words, the Junior Class is forced to take a three-hour course that even the department offering it declares to be insufficient for those who really wish to know the elements of logic. Now no matter how large a majority may choose to elect the supplementary course next year, it is distinctly unfair to make even the smallest minority of the class listen to lectures that are merely introductory to something they never intend to take. A person who buys the Century Dictionary is not going to be satisfied with a parcel of the specimen pages that have been showered upon us by the book agents. Yet this is practically what the faculty is doing with regard to the Junior Class. It takes three hours of precious time and instead of giving them a more valuable though still very scanty course in either psychology or logic, it forces upon them an absurdly abridged course in the one and some introductory chapters in the other.

It is to be hoped that as the faculty saw the folly of what was widely known as the vaudeville course in literature required for the sophomores last year, it will see the necessity of rearranging Philosophy A for next year's class.

After writing this comment we showed it to a graduate who assured us that in his day, when Professor Hyslop was given more liberty in the arrangement and conducting of his own courses, this was all very different. Then logic and psychology were taught in a sane manner that made the required course in these subjects of value and interest to the students. Thus we regret all the more that we should not have the pleasure of listening to Professor Hyslop in a course where he

would feel unhampered and free to treat the subjects in his own manner.

As usual the editors of the Columbian have given widespread assurances that the book will be out on time, to wit, before Christmas, and that it will far surpass all other Columbia year-books in every particular. Of course the never-failing delay, and the conviction sooner or later borne in upon the mind of every one not an editor, that all Columbians are much the same in artistic merit or artistic short comings, from year to year, are likely to shake the confidence inspired even by the glowing advance notices in Spectator. We hasten to assure the readers, however, that this Columbian is to be an exception to every law known to govern such affairs. We ourselves fully believe everything favorable that has been prophecied of it. To be quite frank with the reader, this is only natural when you consider that we get our news from three-eighths of ourselves who are on the Columbian Board. We believe that the only way to preserve our self-respect is to place confidence in the truthfulness of even our fractional parts.

Columbia Verse has at last made its appearance. A dainty little book it is, pleasant to read and good to look upon. A hasty perusal of its contents shows an excellent selection—a selection rather flattering to the Morningside, by the way, since about half of the verse is taken from this, the most recent of Columbia periodicals. The Columbia Verse deserves a wide sale, the distinctions of several editions and an important and lasting place in Columbia literature. We congratulate the editors whose hard work and knowledge of what constitutes a good book have produced this little volume.

We have been asked by the Senior Class of Barnard College to make some mention of the piano recital to be given by Mr.

Edward A. MacDowell in their auditorium on January tenth, at half-past three o'clock. The tickets will be two dollars each. We are very glad to accede to the request, and we hope that everybody who reads this notice will appreciate the opportunity thus offered to hear our professor of music. There is one thing, however, that we feel bound to mention. The Senior Class forgot to send us any press tickets. Of course this was a mere oversight, and we feel certain that the delayed tickets will arrive before the Morningside appears. There are eight editors in our staff, by the way, but it will not be necessary to send us as many as two apiece.

Miss Virginia C. Gildersleeve, Barnard '99, has been elected to the Board of Editors of the Morningside.

## Autumn Sadness

Dry as Pommery her eyes
  When we parted,
Hard her heart as lunch-room pies
  While mine smarted;
Cold as bottles from the icebox!
Me she drove to drink and dicebox!!

Now her dusty dollars lie
  In the bank;
She is lovely still, and I
  Am a tank;
And her cash I might be spending!
Isn't this a sorry ending?

*H. W. Z.*

# A Whim of Fate

"TWO dollars for you if you get me to the Pittsburgh station in four minutes," shouted Langdon Berrysford as he slung his dress-suit case before him and leaped into the hansom.

For an answer the driver lashed his horse into a gallop and in less than a minute they were a block further on.

Berrysford leaned forward so that the rays of the lamp shone on his watch. "Gad, only three minutes left," he said to himself, "close shave if I get that train this trip;" and then glancing up a look of keen enjoyment and amusement crossed his face as he saw the people scurrying out of the way of his clattering horse and carriage, and looking after him in wonder as he rushed on.

They were almost there now; one more corner to turn, two blocks down to go and they would be at their destination. Berrysford stooped over and grasped his suit-case firmly in one hand, ready to jump the instant the hansom stopped; but just as they were rounding the corner there was a flash and a sputtering hiss from the passing trolley, and the frightened horse, plunging suddenly to one side, struck a man just crossing the street, knocking him to the ground.

"Go on there," shouted the driver to his horse, hardly casting so much as a look behind, but intent only on gaining his two dollars.

Berrysford sprang up with a look of indignation, and grasping the reins brought the horse to a sudden halt. In another instant he was at the side of the fallen man, his honest face full of sympathy as he said, "Awfully sorry; are you hurt?" then noticing his threadbare clothes and evident poverty he added, "come get in my hansom, let me take you to a doctor's and do what I can; it was all a piece of clumsy carelessness."

Before the stranger could respond, his companion answered for him, "No, sir; he's all right, you needn't trouble about him," and grasping the man's arm he began pushing his way through the crowd that had gathered.

Berrysford looked after him in surprise a moment, then hurried back to his carriage. "Just like me to make a fool of myself by some such soft-hearted monkeying; better have left the ungrateful chump to himself." "That's always the way," he added, as they drew up in front of the station, "and I've missed my train now."

Five minutes later Berrysford sat alone in the Pittsburgh station. There was no train now for two hours. He settled himself as comfortably as possible in one of the hard wooden seats of the waiting-room, and as he went dozing off he half muttered to himself, "What a darned fool I was any way."

It was nearly one o'clock when the St. Louis Express steamed into the station, and Berrysford stood on the platform vainly trying to bribe the colored porter into giving him a berth in the sleeping-car. There was none to be had; only the seats of the day coach remained now; and as nothing else was left to his choice he stepped up and pushed open the door. He encountered a flood of close, warm air mingled with the odors of kerosene lamps as he did so; and though the car was dimly lighted he could see it was pretty well filled. The floor was strewn with crumbs and pieces of sandwiches, the remnants of some evening meal; and now the men had turned most of the seats so that they faced each other, and they were stretched out on them in various attitudes of repose.

A look of disgust and repulsion crossed Berrysford's face; but seeing an empty seat in the centre of the car he took possession of it and sat down with the intention of trying to make the best of things. He closed his eyes and attempted to shut out the surroundings, and now and then he would take brief

snatches of sleep, but only to waken and change his position again.

A long, dismal whistle from the engine startled him once. He must have been asleep some time it seemed to him. Rousing himself, he leaned over to the window, put both hands up to the side of his face and peered out. They were passing a low range of mountains, he could see them standing out black against the grey sky of the dawning day. He wondered vaguely where they were now; then a drowsy impatience came over him as he thought again of his accident and delay that night. "Why couldn't the man have thanked me any way? Was he dumb, or what——?" But his sleepy soliloquy was rudely interrupted. There came a terrific crash, an awful lurch, and a plunge downward; then the sound of rushing water. A stupefied silence followed; Berrysford struggled to his feet, and in a dazed way wondered what had happened. The car was in an uproar now; the men were all talking at once, and with them mingled the frightened screams of two women who were in the car. The lights had gone out; some one struck a match and it flamed up just long enough to show a lot of terrified white faces, then flickered out. A little daylight struggled in through the ventilators; water was fast filling the car. Suddenly the awful truth dawned upon all; they were in the river, rapidly sinking, and doomed to suffocation and death.

It seemed an interminable time before voices were heard; and then at last the welcome sound of hatchets cutting away the roof. At last an opening was made large enough for a man to pass through; but Berrysford looked around him in despair, for a line of men stood before him and that one small jagged hole which was his only hope of safety. At last, only two men before him now! No, it was too late, the car was sinking rapidly. The agony of suspense was un-

bearable; he groaned aloud. The man in front turned suddenly at the sound, and a flash of recognition softened his harsh features as he looked at Berrysford. He hesitated an instant, then said hoarsely, "Here, take my place, you did what you could for me to-night."

Berrysford looked up in surprise, but one look was enough to verify his sudden impression; it was the man he had nearly run over. "No! never!" he answered firmly.

"You fool," cried the other, "they are going to hang me to-morrow." He lifted his hands suddenly above his head; they were handcuffed. There was a sudden gush of water and a strong arm pushed him up; some one grasped him firmly from above, and Berrysford was in the open air.

A few minutes later he lay on the deck of a tug making for the land. The day coach had sunk far out of sight, beneath the rippling waves of the river, and with it had perished a murderer who had cheated his judges out of the last day of his life.

# As You Like It

I HAVE to do a good deal of walking about the city alone each day, and as my mind is unfortunately not filled with beautiful thoughts from the books I have read, it has to depend for its employment and relaxation on the people I see in the street. In my observations I have classified several distinct types of pedestrians, the most interesting by far being the man who thinks he is a fast walker. There is a conscious swing of the arm from a loose shoulder, and a vicious dig of the toe into the sidewalk, and a half turn to look back patronizingly at those he overtakes, that are all positively delightful. One of my most fruitful sources of amusement is to take down the fast walker. The first step is to get close behind him by running up quietly behind. Then I begin a hard, stern chase, striding along at the very top of my speed, scowling, clenching my teeth, doubling my arms, and swagging from side to side, all of which manifestations are adjuncts to fast walking on my part. He hears me coming and hits it up a little, but I keep manfully on and gain on him. By this time I am weary, but by a superb effort I relax my facial muscles and straighten my arms, and although I can feel the arteries in my neck throbbing against my collar, and although my eyes are swimming, and there is a knife-like pain in the back of my calves, I sail past him as if it were the easiest thing I did. I keep it up as long as possible, usually about a quarter of a block, and then insultingly cross his bows and stop before a shop-window, which emphasizes the impression that I'm in no hurry at all, but merely strolling along. You may think this is a lot of trouble for the satisfaction gained, but every time that I stand thus, puffing and resting, and watch over my shoulder the dejected droop of the shoulders of the erstwhile self-

complacent walker, and realize how the glory of the morning is gone from him, I feel that the game is thoroughly well worth the candle.

My friend Barton is an optimist. It is absolutely impossible to shake his child-like and beautiful faith in human nature. I have tried hard to do it; but though I have poked all manner of fun at him and showed him pretty conclusively, to myself at least, what a fool he is, I own I have failed ignominiously. Here is an example of what his belief in human nature is proof against.

The other day he and I stood in the Grand Central Station awaiting the arrival of the Boston express. Meanwhile a Central train rolled in, and we watched the passengers stream past us out into the street. Two among them attracted our attention particularly. They were young and pretty, of course; that goes without saying. One of them carried a large bunch of daisies, which fact was not really surprising, since it was in June. Right in their way, as they reached the more open part of the station, stood a very little girl of very great untidiness and with no particular reason for being there, at least so far as I could see, unless sent by Providence to help me work a change in my friend. The extremely attractive girl with the good-sized bunch of daisies saw the small child, stopped, bent over her in the sweetest possible way, and gave her the daisies. Barton clutched my arm.

"See that angel of charity! Is not that a charming spectacle? Think of the joy those daisies will carry into some poor home! By Jove! I feel like taking off my hat to that goddess."

I had just time to prevent Barton from adoring the angel in the above-mentioned manner, for in a second more they were sweeping by us, so near that we could even catch what they were saying.

"Now wasn't that just too clever of me for anything? Think of taking those horrid daisies all the way home! That nasty little child was a veritable blessing, now, wasn't she?"

The Boston express came in at that moment, and Barton seemed to be remarkably anxious to meet our friends.

## An Autumn Song

(FROM THE FRENCH OF PAUL VERLAINE)

The wailing dins
Of violins
In Autumn's reign
Strike my heart
And make it smart
With weary pain.

Struggling for breath
And pale as death
When sounds the hour
I burst in tears
For long-gone years
And long-gone power.

And my path goes
Where the ill-wind blows
That bears me away
Hither, thither,
Like leaves that wither
On an Autumn day.

*George S. Hellman*

# NOTICE

The office of the Morningside is at present Room 514, West Hall, and all communications and contributions should be sent to that address.

For the convenience of our readers outside of the University, the Morningside will be on sale at BRENTANO'S, Broadway and 16th Street, and at the shop of Mr. J. B. KETCHAM, 125th Street, between Lenox and Seventh Avenues. Subscriptions will also be received at these places.

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# Columbia University in the City of New York

COLUMBIA University, pedagogically, consists of a college and a university. The college is Columbia College, founded in 1754. The university consists of the Faculties of Law, Medicine, Applied Science, Philosophy, Political Science and Pure Science.

The point of contact between the college and the university is the senior year of the college, during which year students in the college pursue their studies, with the consent of the college faculty, under one or more of the faculties of the university.

The various schools are under the charge of their own faculties, except that the Schools of Mines, Chemistry, Engineering and Architecture are all under the charge of the Faculty of Applied Science, and for the better conduct of the strictly university work, as well as of the whole instruction, a university council has been established.

## I. THE COLLEGE

The college has a curriculum of four years' duration, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Candidates for admission to the college must be at least fifteen years of age, and pass an examination on prescribed subjects, the particulars concerning which may be found in the annual Circular of Information.

## II. THE UNIVERSITY

Pedagogically, the Faculties of Law, Medicine, Applied Science, Political Science, Philosophy and Pure Science, taken together constitute the university. These faculties offer advanced courses of study and investigation, respectively, in (*a*) Private or Municipal Law, (*b*) Medicine, (*c*) Applied Science, (*d*) History, Economics and Public Law, (*e*) Philosophy, Philology and Letters, and (*f*) Mathematics and Natural Science. Courses of study under one or more of these faculties are open to members of the senior class in the college, and to all students who have successfully pursued an equivalent course of undergraduate study to the close of the junior year. These courses lead, through the Bachelor's degree, to the university degrees of Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy. The degree of Master of Laws is also conferred for advanced work in law done under the Faculties of Law and Political Science together.

## III. THE PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS

The Faculties of Law, Medicine and Applied Science, conduct respectively the professional schools of Law, Medicine, Mines, Chemistry, Engineering and Architecture, to which all students, as well as those not having pursued a course of undergraduate studies as those who have, are admitted on terms prescribed by the faculties concerned, as candidates for professional degrees.

1. The School of Law, established in 1858, offers a three-years' course of study in common law and equity jurisprudence, medical jurisprudence, criminal and constitutional law, international law, public and private, and comparative jurisprudence. The degree of Bachelor of Laws is conferred on the satisfactory completion of the course.

2. The College of Physicians and Surgeons, founded in 1807, offers a four-years' course in the principles and practice of medicine and surgery, leading to the degree of Doctor of Medicine.

3. The School of Mines, established in 1864, offers courses of study, each of four years' duration, and each leading to an appropriate professional degree in mining engineering and metallurgy.

4. The Schools of Chemistry, Engineering and Architecture, set off from the School of Mines in 1896, offer respectively, four-year courses of study, each leading to an appropriate professional degree, in analytical and applied chemistry; in civil, sanitary, electrical and mechanical engineering; and in architecture.

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# Columbia University in the City of New York

COLUMBIA University includes both a college and a university in the strict sense of the words. The college is Columbia College, founded in 1754 as King's College. The university consists of the Faculties of Law, Medicine, Philosophy, Political Science, Pure Science, and Applied Science. Teachers College, a professional school for teachers, while financially an independent corporation, is also a part of the university. As a professional school it is conducted by its own Faculty. From the point of view of the university, its courses in education that lead to a degree fall under the Faculty of Philosophy.

The point of contact between the college and the university is the senior year of the college, during which year students in the college pursue their studies, with the consent of the college faculty, under one or more of the faculties of the university.

Each school is under the charge of its own Faculty, except that the Schools of Mines, Chemistry, Engineering and Architecture are under the charge of the Faculty of Applied Science. For the better conduct of the strictly university work, as well as of the whole institution, a university council has been established.

## I. THE COLLEGE

The college offers a course of four years, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Candidates for admission to the college must be at least fifteen years of age, and pass an examination on prescribed subjects, the particulars concerning which may be found in the annual Circular of Information.

## II. THE UNIVERSITY

In a technical sense, the Faculties of Law, Medicine, Philosophy, Political Science, Pure Science, and Applied Science, taken together constitute the university. These faculties offer advanced courses of study and investigation, respectively, in (*a*) Private or Municipal Law, (*b*) Medicine, (*c*) Philosophy, Philology and Letters, (*d*) History, Economics and Public Law, (*e*) Mathematics and Natural Science, and (*f*) Applied Science. Courses of study under all of these faculties are open to members of the senior class in the college, and also to all students who have successfully pursued an equivalent course of undergraduate study to the close of the junior year. These courses lead, through the Bachelor's degree, to the university degrees of Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy. The degree of Master of Laws is also conferred for advanced work in law done under the Faculties of Law and Political Science together.

## III. THE PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS

The Faculties of Law, Medicine and Applied Science, conduct respectively the professional schools of Law, Medicine, and Mines, Chemistry, Engineering, and Architecture, to which students are admitted as candidates for professional degrees on terms prescribed by the faculties concerned.

The faculty of Teachers College conducts professional courses for teachers, that lead to the diploma of Teachers College.

1. The School of Law, established in 1858, offers a course of three years, in the principles and practice of private and public law, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Laws.

2. The College of Physicians and Surgeons, founded in 1807, offers a course of four years in the principles and practice of medicine and surgery, leading to the degree of Doctor of Medicine.

3. The School of Mines, established in 1864, offers courses of study, each of four years, leading to a professional degree in mining engineering and in metallurgy.

4. The Schools of Chemistry, Engineering, and Architecture, set off from the School of Mines in 1896, offer respectively, courses of study, each of four ye leading to an appropriate profes gree, in analytical and applied c in civil, sanitary, electrical, and ical engineering; and in architec

5. Teachers College, founded and chartered in 1889, was include university in 1898. It offers cour study, each of four years, leading t college diploma, for secondary, elem ary, and kindergarten teachers. It a offers courses of two years, leading to departmental diploma in Art, Domesti Science, Domestic Art and Manual Train ing. Certain of its courses are accepted by Columbia University, and may be taken by students of the university in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy, without extra charge.

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